

THE DRAMA,

OR,

Theatrical

POCKET MAGAZINE.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1824.

"The play, the play's the thing."—HAMLET.

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EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF

Mr. INCLEDON.

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PRICE SIXPENCE.

Sheriff's Court, Tuesday, October 26.

WILLIAMS v. ELLISTON.

This was an action for damages, brought by the plaintiff, Mr. WILLIAM HENRY WILLIAMS, a comedian, against the defendant, ROBERT WILLIAM ELLISTON, Esq. the patentee of Drury Lane Theatre. Mr. E. having suffered judgment to go by default, a Jury was now impannelled merely to assess damages.

The Jury being sworn,

Mr. ADOLPHUS, as Counsel for the defendant, said he was authorised to make a proposition which, he doubted not, would obviate the necessity of going into the case. He was ready now to admit that the plaintiff, Mr. W., had just grounds for complaint; in a moment of ungovernable passion, to which we are all sometimes subject, Mr. E. so far forgot himself as to assault Mr. W. in a gross and violent manner, and for which he (Mr. A.) would undertake to say, that the aggressor felt truly sorry. He trusted that his Learned Friend, Mr. PHILLIPS, who appeared for the plaintiff, would not object to nominal damages, which would of course carry costs. The good feeling that once existed between the parties previous to the unfortunate transaction which produced the present action, had suffered no breach in consequence; Mr. W. had been performing with Mr. E. in London, Leamington, and many other places since that, and there was no doubt that Mr. W.'s services, as a comedian, were held in as high repute by Mr. E. as ever; and that his engagement would not be at all affected by this circumstance.

Mr. PHILLIPS said, that, after the handsome declaration of Mr. E., made through his Learned Friend (Mr. ADOLPHUS), he would undertake on the part of his client, to accept the proposition. Mr. W. had no vindictive feelings to consult, no sordid appetite to gratify; his only wish was to sustain the respectability of the profession, of which he was a highly respectable member. Thus the affair terminated. Many actors, &c. were present.

The Dublin theatrical season commenced on Saturday evening, 23d Oct. with "*The School for Scandal*," in which Mr. ABBOTT, the Lessee of the Theatre, introduced himself very favourably to the attention of the public, in *Charles Surface*.—He was happy in most of the characters, and highly successful with the audience. —*Lady Teazle* found an accomplished representative in Miss JARMAN.—*Irish Paper*.



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No. II.

NOVEMBER, 1824.

VOL. VII.

MR. INCLEDON.

—
" I do present you with a man of mine,
Cunning in music."

SHAKSPEARE.

—
" For as he sung,
Our hearts would burn within us,—would inhale
A portion of divinity, that ray,
The purest heaven, which lights the soul
Of patriots and of heroes."

THOMSON.

—
THE following memoir is detailed from a statement in Mr. INCLEDON's own hand-writing, drawn up with all the rough energy of a vigorous mind and meriting the most implicit reliance.

Mr. CHARLES INCLEDON was born in the year 1764, at St. Keveron's, a small town in the county of Cornwall, where his father enjoyed a most extensive practice as Surgeon and Apothecary. At the age of five years, such was young INCLEDON's precocity of voice, that he sung the Christmas Anthem in the church of his native place, and continued to evince propensities so strong for the

art of which he subsequently became an unparalleled ornament, that he was recommended, upon the lapse of two years, to the Rev. Mr. SNOW, a chaunter of Exeter cathedral, and under this patronage introduced to Mr. LANGDON, the organist, whose admiration of his vocal powers immediately procured him an appointment among the choristers. Here he remained three years without peculiar distinction, till the late celebrated Mr. JACKSON succeeded to the situation of organist, when the latent blossoms of genius enjoyed by young INCLEDON were fully developed, and he was engaged for the concerts beneath the auspicious influence of his early admirer. Here he delighted the *cognoscenti* of Exeter with "*Go gentle gales;*" "*'Twas when the seas were roaring;*" "*Oh, say thou dear possessor of my breast;*" and other compositions of his great master, for such Mr. JACKSON had then a right to be considered, having tried the best means of subjecting the talents of INCLEDON to all the discipline of which his volatile temper was so susceptible. While at Exeter, he was selected upon a particular occasion for the anthem of "*Let my complaint come before thee, O Lord;*" and while executing the solo of "*Let my soul live,*" Judge NARES, then upon the Western circuit, and brother of Dr. NARES, attached to His Majesty's Chapel-royal, was so deeply affected by the pathos and sensibility of his singing, that he burst into tears, and sending for the boy at the termination of divine service, presented him with five guineas as a testimony of his distinguished approbation.

The public are well acquainted with a material circumstance in the life of Mr. INCLEDON—his connection with the sea; but as the incidents which led to that occurrence are curious, and have never been explained, we shall here disclose them.—He had seated himself one fine summer evening upon a rail in the cathedral church-yard, and was chaunting that beautiful air from "*The Padlock,*" "*Was I a shepherd's maid;*" when a gentleman in regimentals stepped up, and inquired of the crowd his exertions had attracted, if they were acquainted with the little singer; "*It's young INCLEDON of the Cathedral,*" was simultaneously answered by a

hundred voices, and the gentleman appearing to be satisfied with that information departed. INCLEDON was sent for next morning by his musical preceptor, and upon fulfilling the summons found Mr. JACKSON engaged with the individual who had noticed him the evening before, to whom he was now introduced as the Hon. Mr. TREVOR, and informed, that permission had been granted for his going with him to Torbay, on a visit to Commodore WALSINGHAM of the *Thunderer*, on board of which ship he continued in consequence for three days, and delighted the assembled officers by his unexpected melody. The first song Mr. INCLEDON delivered in this vessel was "*Blow high, blow low*," and perhaps that song has never received so high an honour as its introduction, in such hands, to the British Fleet. The warm-hearted seaman was anxious to provide effectually for his juvenile entertainer, and accordingly wrote to the young man's parents requesting their permission for his stay. Maternal solicitude, however, was fortunately averse to this proposal, as Commodore WALSINGHAM and his whole crew foundered soon after in the West Indies, when the *Thunderer* went down in a dreadful hurricane.

"Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere
It should the good ship so have swallowed, and
The fraughting souls within her."

The kind reception Mr. I. had experienced in this cursory trip filled him with a fixed inclination for a nautical life, and not being able to efface the impression its charms had created, he determined, about four years afterwards, to execute the plan he had long and secretly cherished of entering the navy as a volunteer; accompanied by a fellow chorister, and carrying a bundle of linen, he set out accordingly early one morning for Plymouth; but a discovery being made of their flight, an agent was dispatched after them on horseback, with strict orders to bring the fugitives back to Exeter, from which they had travelled about thirty miles, when they were overtaken. INCLEDON, as a punishment, was exposed for a week in

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the church without his surplice, and compelled to perform his duties in that degrading situation.

Still harbouring a fondness for "Old Ocean;" the late Admiral GRAVES, of Henbury Fort, near Hunnington, in Devonshire, furnished him with a letter to Captain STANTON, of the *Formidable*, with whom he continued two years, and being then disabled by a wound, was left at Plymouth till turned over, upon his recovery, to another vessel commanded by Lord HERVEY, afterwards Earl of Bristol, to whose advice the public are indebted for INCLEDON's subsequent appearance in the theatre. With this nobleman he sailed to St. Lucia, and there attracted protection and friendship throughout the whole fleet at anchor off its shores from a display of his musical abilities. Being stationed on what is technically called the starboard watch of the foretop, he agreed with his shipmates on that station to club a week's grog, and drink "*Sweethearts and Wives*" the very evening that Lord HERVEY entertained the chief officers of the fleet to dinner. It was also settled, that whosoever refused to sing, when required, should undergo a severe punishment, to avoid which INCLEDON complied with the general custom, and though of a song in that situation we may say with SHAKESPEARE "'tis no matter how it be in tune so it make noise enough;" yet the force of native melody was irresistible; and the seamen flocked in breathless admiration to the most tender and pathetic stanzas—"call you them stanzas?"—his memory could deliver. Such was the vivid sensation these efforts had created, that a lieutenant hurried to the cabin and acquainted Lord HERVEY with the circumstance. His Lordship proceeded to the quarter-deck, heard INCLEDON in the fine old traditional song "*'Twas Thursday in the Morn,*" and after various questions upon his origin, tuition, &c. directed him to shift his apparel and attend in the cabin, where he sang "*The Fight of the Monmouth and Foudroyant.*" "*Rule Britannia,*" &c. &c. and many of JACKSON's most favourite canzonets. Here he was jocularly appointed singer to the British Fleet, released from the performance of manual duty, and sent for to assist at every entertainment that succeeded. He

rose high in the favour of Admiral PIGOT the commander-in-chief, and from the variety and latitude of his exertions may be safely said to have sung our national melodies even in the cannon's mouth.

At the expiration of the war Mr. I. was discharged at Chatham, and proceeding to London, was recommended to the late Mr. COLMAN for an engagement at the Haymarket theatre by Lord MULGRAVE and others. The patentee heard him and coldly desired him to call again; but not being able to obtain an immediate interview he travelled to Portsmouth, in the expectation of procuring a trial, at least, of his qualifications. This manager, however, was unfortunately a singer himself, and on hearing him, abruptly declared he was utterly insupportable. From hence he reached Southampton, and upon application to Messrs. COLLINS and DAVIS, was engaged at the enormous weekly stipend of ten shillings and sixpence! He made his debut as *Alphonso* in the "*Castle of Andalusia*," and was propitiously received.

Upon some trifling dispute he joined a company in Salisbury, and there suffered the heaviest pressure of famine and disease. Mr. INCLEDON has been often heard to describe his miseries at this period with a glowing lip and grateful heart; a "ministering angel" in the form of woman having alleviated their severity, and enabled him, by her charitable impulse, to reach Bath, where the discrimination of Mr. PALMER afforded him a distinguished situation, and he appeared as *Captain Belville*, in "*Rosina*." Provincial salaries are still incompetent and contracted, but greatly superior to what they formerly were. The thirty shillings a week, accorded to Mr. INCLEDON, was doubtless in many eyes an enviable appointment; but when that remuneration, upon his splendid success as *Edwin* in "*Robin Hood*," was increased to a couple of pounds, he was elevated, in his own opinion, to the pinnacle of prosperity.

At Bath he was fortunate enough to attract the attention of RAUZZINI, the late lamented arbiter of its musical amusements, by whom he was instructed in the elegance of his art, and introduced to public consideration. So enthusiastic was RAUZZINI in sentiment and

expression, that, having heard INCLEDON one night in HANDEL'S "*Total Eclipse*," he sprang up from the piano-forte at which he presided, and, pressing INCLEDON by the hand, exclaimed with indescribable fervour to a large company, "This is my scholar!" From Bath he was engaged for the summer months at Vauxhall, where he remained four years, returning, when the gardens were shut, to the concerts and the theatre. In this city he assisted to form the Harmonic Meeting, which still subsists in unbroken importance, and as a proof of the general light in which his endeavours were regarded, the deceased Dr. HARRINGTON, its venerable president, presented him with a silver cup and cover on behalf of the distinguished body he conducted, and prefaced its donation with a handsome speech, in which the merits of Mr. I. were eloquently extolled. He had previously received a similar tribute from the merchants of Manchester, and such tokens of estimation, in this case, are brilliant proofs of private worth and professional value.

Mr. THOMAS HARRIS, the principal proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre, being casually at Bath, saw INCLEDON at the theatre, and on the ensuing morning proposed an engagement for three years, at six, seven, and eight pounds a week, which terms were scarcely accepted, when the late Mr. LINLEY, of Drury Lane Theatre, tempted him with an offer of twelve pounds a week for that house, and a retention of five years. He had commissioned a friend to procure INCLEDON'S attendance at his apartments, where he sang a favourite anthem of JACKSON'S; and apologized at its conclusion for any flagrant error. "Why d—n ye, Sir," said LINLEY, "were you not the favoured pupil of my old friend? You sang it plainly, Sir, with expressive feeling, and nothing more is required." This worthy man and admired composer then mentioned the engagement, which INCLEDON rejected with an aching heart, though, to his eternal honour be it known, he had only given a VERBAL CONSENT to the wishes of Mr. HARRIS. He has often lamented his conscientious inability to enjoy the friendly superintendence of Mr. LINLEY, who had a

great musical soul, and must have been of incalculable advantage to his youthful powers. The late Mrs. SWERIDAN, his daughter, was a splendid monument of his professional excellence; and the artless, though finished efforts of Mrs. BLAND, speak with the best energies of truth to the value of his tuition.

At Covent Garden, in October 1790, Mr. I. made his debut as *Dermot*, in "*The Poor Soldier*;" and the town rewarded him most liberally for his exertions. At his next appearance, as *Lord Winlove*, in "*Fontainebleau*," an infamous attempt was made by a contemptible party to drive him from the stage, but he found two firm adherents in taste and indignation, and the hirelings of venality were silenced for ever. With this grateful evidence of public favour he acquired many demonstrations of private friendship, and dates the amity of Mr. SHIELD, the composer, from that period, which is endeared to his heart by such a circumstance beyond all the most pleasant recollections can effect, in adducing the fame and emolument with which it was accompanied.

In 1798 he resisted the manager's attempt to incorporate him with a Christmas pantomime; and two years after made one of what has been called "the glorious eight" in exposing his oppressive usage. This circumstance, no doubt, will account for the harsh treatment he has since experienced, particularly when we look to the general discharge, with one exception, of those individuals who preferred this obnoxious remonstrance. For some years past he had been in the habit of delivering his entertainment, called "*The Wandering Melodist*," in various parts of the kingdom; and arriving at Waterford, in Ireland, soon after the horrible assassination of Lord KILWARDEN in 1803, he had taken the theatre at that place for the pursuance of his lyrical plan. He was advised by many well-affected citizens to relinquish his intentions from their known loyalty, but persevered under the special encouragement of some military officers then casually in the town. He sang "*May the King live for ever*," and "*When order in this land commenced*;" the last of which was dedicated to her late majesty Queen CHARLOTTE, and was presented by

INCLEDON himself at Buckingham House. Much uproar resulted from his steady adherence to royalty and defiance of rebellious inclination, and many outrageous attempts were made upon his personal safety. To such a pitch, indeed, was this spirit extended, that a military guard was found necessary for his escort to the inn at which he resided, and he could only avoid further annoyance by quitting the place before day-break.

On his return to England in the same year, he visited Dublin, and was wrecked in crossing the bar. Some of the passengers were lost, and he saved himself by ascending to the round top with his wife lashed to him, from which perilous state, after a duration of several hours, he was extricated by the assistance of some fishermen who saw his distress from the shore.

In 1809, owing to a mistaken impression on the minds of the Covent Garden managers, that he had instigated Mrs. DICKONS to desert the theatre, a charge Mr. I. frequently offered to disprove upon oath, his services were dispensed with, and he quitted London on a provincial tour, till two years had elapsed, when he was re-engaged to Mr. HARRIS, by the mediation of a mutual friend, at seventeen pounds per week and for a term of *five years*. He had also stipulated for re-instatement in all his prescriptive characters, which was unconditionally promised, but so imperfectly performed that Mr. SINCLAIR was complimented with *Carlos*, in "*The Duenna*," on the 20th September, 1811, though Mr. INCLEDON had been *encored* at his last assumption of that part in *every song*. Still, however, he suppressed complaint till the production of a frivolous plagiarist from FLETCHER'S "*Pilgrim*," called the "*Noble Outlaw*;" in which he was selected for a part infinitely beneath his talents and reputation. This affair, "with other graces weighed," led Mr. I. to reiterated anger and complaint, till, at the expiration of the *first three years*, for which his engagement had been concluded, he received an intimation of discharge, by the hands of Mr. BRANDON, and quitted the walls of a theatre in which his great services were at length rewarded by vexation, treachery, and ingratitude. Though certainly able to

enforce employment for two additional years, he indignantly rejected so abject an alternative, and relying upon the energies of unabated power, proudly retired from that imperious structure he had so largely contributed to raise and adorn. With a last look of contempt and defiance, how truly might his heart have apostrophized the then faithless directors of this towering pile, in the undaunted exclamation of *Coriolanus*!

"You common cry of curs, whose breath I hate,
As reek o' the rotten fens; whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men,
That do corrupt my air, I BANISH YOU."

So fixed and unalterable was Mr. INCLEDON's determination of never again appearing within the walls of Covent Garden Theatre, that he rejected a very flattering offer from Mr. C. ASHLEY to join the Oratorios as principal tenor; and to those who are acquainted with his excellence in HANDEL's music, the solicitude of Mr. ASHLEY to obtain its acquisition will be viewed without surprise. After this period Mr. I. performed at many of the minor theatres of London, and filled up the intervals with singing at various concerts and making several provincial tours, from which he derived fame and considerable emolument; and during that period many circumstances occurred, which, to his honour, deserve a record. He never derived a single shilling benefit from the exertion of his talents for any charitable purpose. In Dublin, he rejected twenty guineas upon an occasion of that nature, sang gratuitously, and gave his mite to the general collection. His Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent, when chairman at a dinner of the Eastern Dispensary, proposed his health with loud acclamations, and observed, that he not only met Mr. INCLEDON at every benevolent opportunity contributing his brilliant talents, but subscribing his guinea. Such an eulogium requires no commentary. It was due to the generosity of a valuable heart, and deserved the admiration with which it was cordially and universally recorded.

On Monday, March 24th, 1817, Mr. I. took his leave

of the metropolitan public at the King's Theatre, previous to his departure for America,* with a farewell address; and although it was a current opinion and was publicly reported at that time, that his powers of voice had failed him, or were considerably impaired, yet the following documents (which may be considered as valuable) are given as indubitable evidence to the contrary; and whatever might have been asserted by the interested, the capricious, or the ignorant, one line from either of the respectable pens before us, would outweigh the opinions of a million so grossly disqualified to decide.

(Extract.)

Sunday, September 1st, 1816.

* * * I never heard such a thing as INCLEDON's singing the "*Lads of the Village*," and "*The Storm*," last night. Nature was in a generous fit when she gave him that divine voice, and as to his feeling, I really think he has more genuine and natural taste than all the singers put together, of the whole country. He is, I believe, determined to visit America, and it is a disgrace to this kingdom to suffer it. I am sorry you did not hear him—'twas an invaluable lesson. * * *

To Miss MERRY,
Bath, &c.

THOMAS WELSH.

(Copy.)

Great Queen Street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields,
Tuesday, March 25th, 1817.

DEAR INCLEDON,

In witnessing the brilliant scene of your farewell last night, I shared those feelings of regret with all your warm and admiring friends, that must accompany an adieu to such talents as we cannot hope ever to see replaced: may they be prosperous in other climes! If those to whom they are to be presented cherish them with

* The performances were "*Love in a Village*," "*Three Weeks after Marriage*," and a *Cento of Songs*.

half the regard which has marked their progress here, or should they impart but a ray of that enthusiasm which has warmed the bosoms of the British public, your voyage will not be in vain. That it should be requisite is the only unpleasant feeling that can diminish the justification of beholding so splendid a confirmation of public admiration and esteem. As one who feels the reality of both, permit me, dear Sir, to wish you all you can desire to obtain, with a long continuance of life to enjoy it, and to assure you that to hear of your welfare will always give the highest pleasure to

To C. INCLEDON, Esq.

&c. &c. &c.

Dear INCLEDON,

Your sincere Friend and

Sister in the Drama,

ROSE MOUNTAIN.

(Copy.)

DEAR INCLEDON,

The unavoidable performance of a proffered engagement will oblige me to hurry from the metropolis without taking a formal leave of you, personally, previous to your having embarked for America; but I could not suffer you to set sail, and be under weigh, without this hastily written acknowledgement of the services you have rendered me, by causing the popularity of "*The Streamlet*," "*Thorn*," "*Post Captain*," "*Heaving of the Lead*," "*Twins of Latona*," "*Last Whistle*," "*Tell her I love her*," "*O bring me wine*," "*Battle Song*," "*Old Towler*,"—but I must cease to enumerate, or I shall have no space left on this sheet to insert a few friendly remarks.

It has been asserted, (but I trust erroneously) that you cannot now give perfect intonation to those astonishing sounds which secured you the admiration of numberless auditors. And even were the supposition true, it is only being rid of a defect, for, surely, those passages in *allarimo*, which you formerly introduced in the last mentioned song to express the huntsman's halloo, should

only be attempted by those who are ambitious to emulate the music of the chase. It unfortunately happens that theatrical performers are compelled to sing as frequently with a *voce da testa*, as with a *voce di petto*, but the latter will always most please the discerning few.

I have occasionally, with my loftiest flights of dramatic composition, led you beyond nature, but never from choice: fashion was always the unnatural dictator. That your powers are unimpaired was evident during your impassioned performance of the "*Storm*," at that interesting entertainment given to the illustrious KEMBLE by those, who honoured themselves as much as that great actor, in first appreciating his merit, and afterwards so gloriously proclaiming it.

If Providence should bless me with life and health—nay, even wealth, the latter should not feed indolence; and the happiest of my future productions shall be to you transmitted, that you may exhibit proofs in Columbia of your having, in England, a lasting adherer, who, long before the commencement of the present century, often passed your windows in Charlotte Street while your lisping children familiarly, yet pleasingly articulated, "Here comes our father's friend."

BILLY SHIELD.

P. S. Tell Mrs. INCLEDON that her voyage will be prosperous and her life happy, if the whole of my daily prayer should be granted.

To Mr. INCLEDON,
Somers' Place, &c.

His reception in America, as might be concluded, equalled his highest expectations, and he remained there for a considerable length of time; and on his return again sung at various places of public resort with unabated powers, and continued success. His last appearance on the boards of a regular theatre was made at Southampton, on Friday, 15th of October last. The following account is from the "*Hampshire Telegraph*" of the next morning:—

"Last night the Southampton Theatre was crowded in consequence of an announcement, that this celebrated singer was to sing four of his most popular songs, and to take leave of the stage for ever, in a short address. It is not generally known, that INCLEDON here made his *debut*, exactly forty years ago. The late Mr. DE YEULLE hearing him sing a song at a public house, was so much struck with his extraordinary powers, that he introduced him to his Theatre.* He immediately received the warmest tribute of admiration, and rapidly rose into fame. Now, after having many years survived those wonderful powers, which once so distinguished him, as to induce his late Majesty to name him "*The British National Singer*," he comes, a weather-beaten but still sturdy veteran, to render his last acknowledgments to those, who, in his own expressive words, "were his passport to fame." With a feeling that does him credit, he confers on the town the double honour of his last, as it has already enjoyed that of his first appearance in public. The songs he selected on this occasion were—"Black-eyed Susan," "*Death of Admiral Benbow*," "*Scot wha hae*," the celebrated duet of "*Alps Well*," with Mr. BOLTON, and "*Then farewell my trim built Wherry*." To criticise the singing of a man upwards of sixty, who has undergone the hardships he has, would be ridiculous: that was not the thing looked for—suffice it to say, his singing even to night shewed what he once could do. There was, however, something very affecting, and perhaps pleasing, in the contrast (in the duet) between his voice quivering, and all in want of breath to fill it, yet still manly and powerful; and Mr. BOLTON's, youthful and full of cadence and execution. It is unnecessary to say, that he was most rapturously applauded, and the duet was encored. After the last song he addressed the audience nearly as follows:—

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—It is with the sincerest

* This account seems to be somewhat at variance with that we have before given; but we think the "*Telegraph*" must be in error, the first mentioned account being from the hand of Mr. I. himself.

feelings of gratitude that I am capable of, that I stand before you this evening to return you my most heartfelt thanks for the distinguished patronage you have ever conferred on me. In this town, and on these boards, I first appeared as a singer; and the encouragement I then received from you has proved, I may say, my passport to fame. Ladies and Gentlemen, since that period I have passed through many vicissitudes—I have served his Majesty in many engagements—there is not a ship in the navy, nor are there many towns in the country, that I have not sung in; but still your early liberality has never been effaced from my memory. It is now six years ago since I left the stage, but it has always been my wish to appear once more before you. Ladies and Gentlemen, age, sickness, and infirmities have altered me much from what I once was; but I have always done my best to please my kindest patrons, and I repeat it, Ladies and Gentlemen, while I live I shall never forget the support and encouragement I have received from the inhabitants of Southampton."

A tremendous burst of applause followed, and the veteran retired from the stage for ever.

The reputation of this admirable songster was chiefly founded on his very fine and affecting execution of the songs of HANDEL and other composers of sacred music, during the Oratorios of Lent, and his unrivalled execution of our beautiful nautical ballads. His "*Young William*," (melodized by himself) his "*Admiral Benbow*," "*Black-eyed Susan*," and other songs of that description, will never be forgotten by those who have once heard them. His "*Storm*" was a masterly and astonishing performance; and his style so perfectly expressive of the horror of a tempest, and the confusion and despair of the sufferers, that, independent of the amazement excited by the vast power and flexibility of voice which he displayed in this difficult undertaking, the effect upon the audience was always as strong as any impression produced by the *finest piece of acting*; and "*Old Teller*" was another of those efforts which have delighted

the public in a degree beyond all precedent and comparison surprising.* Mr. INCLEDON as a vocalist was a man so richly and rarely gifted, that we may expect to see another GARRICK with almost as much probability as another INCLEDON; no theatrical professor has possessed such a compass of voice as himself, since the days of Mr. BEARD; and as an English ballad singer he will be recollected with pleasure, while the memory of the public can retain a vestige of his excelling power.

* A laughable anecdote is related of him, which may be new to some of our readers:—

As his dependance was entirely on his voice, he was very apprehensive of catching cold; which in consequence rendered him the occasional dupe of quackery. During the late Mr. KEMBLE's management at Covent Garden Theatre, the following hoax was played upon him:—one of the wags of the theatre told him, that there was a patent lozenge just invented, and sold only at a jeweller's in Bond Street, which was an infallible cure for hoarseness. In order that he might more readily take the bait, he was also told, that Mr. KEMBLE made frequent use of it. INCLEDON immediately enquired of Mr. K., who very gravely answered, "Oh! yes, CHARLES; the patent lozenge is an admirable thing; but, CHARLES, I derived the greatest benefit from it, when I kept it in my mouth all night." Mr. I. accordingly sent to Bond Street to purchase this valuable lozenge; and the man, who had been previously instructed, gave him an amulet in a pill-box. Mr. I. came to the theatre the next day, with the stone in his mouth, and frequently spitting; he was of course asked if the patent lozenge did him any good. "Yes," replied he, (*spitting*) "I think it does, (*spitting*) I kept it in my mouth all night." (*spitting*.) The wag requested to see it;—on the production of the amulet a general laugh took place. "Why, CHARLES," said KEMBLE, "this is a stone; I meant a patent lozenge, you should have gone to an apothecary's, and not to a jeweller's."—We must add, to the credit of INCLEDON, that he bore the jest with much good humour.

HISTRIONIC ESSAYS.

No. 1.

THE GERMAN DRAMA.

In diversis argumentis stilum *exercent* (exercuit) pari propemodum successu.—*Desiderius Eras. In prolegom. ad Senecam philosophum.*

Criticism seems to be the epidemic disease of the present day, and there are, perhaps, but few readers, who would not prefer the most indifferent critique to the best original. The passion of vanity is general, and it is always gratifying to the vain and weak to see those, by nature their superiors, levelled by abuse to a standard with themselves. In the indulgence of this favourite passion, critics are seldom scrupulous; they will praise plays which they have never seen, and revile works which they have never read: in whatever language the author may write, or however ignorant they may be of the original, they are still qualified to judge; their wonderful powers of intuition render all knowledge unnecessary; from the dimension and colour of the book, they are enabled to form their judgment, and what they may at first condemn, when clothed in humble duodecimo, they may hereafter approve, when swelled into the magnificence of folio.

This account may appear exaggerated, but it is not the less true; it is precisely in this way, that the German dramatists have been judged, and finally condemned. To seek for vapid translations of the most inferior plays, and to take such evidences as a sufficient cause for abuse, has too long been the common practice to be now denied. To give some colour to this new method of decision, it has been said that the plays in question are the favourites of the German audience, and a translation, however bad, must at least shew the nature of the drama. To the first assertion, it may be replied, that supposing it were true, nothing could be deduced from it; let those

who confide in such an argument, remember that O'KEEFE and CHERRY have had their day—that both were once heard and seen with delight; let them remember too, that even now the trash of HOLCROFT can give pleasure to an English audience. What would they think of German justice, if the critics of Vienna should from thence infer, that the English theatre is contemptible? It would be in vain to plead SHAKSPEARE in expiation; for even SHAKSPEARE might be condemned, if the same style of criticism should be applied to his immortal dramas, which we so kindly turn against the Germans. The truth is, that in every nation, and in every age, the majority of writers must be indifferent, but is it not more just to form our estimate of a nation's merit, rather from its best, than its inferior authors?

In discussing the merits of the German drama, the English critic is generally content to take KOTZEBUE and IFFLAND as the points of his attack; and SCHILLER is but seldom mentioned, or, if spoken of, we hear only of his "*Robbers*," which they have chosen to hunt down as a mere exotic in the drama. In the first place, therefore, I shall speak of SCHILLER, and afterwards of KOTZEBUE and IFFLAND.

Whatever species of drama the reader may prefer, he will hardly be able to deny the superiority of SCHILLER. Should he love the wild and wonderful, where every feeling and every vice are carried beyond the bounds of probability, let him seek for it in SCHILLER—Should he rather choose a strict imitation of the ancient tragedies, of EURIPIDES and ÆSCHYLUS, that also he will find in SCHILLER. Does he prefer that species of dramatic composition, which lies between the two, neither too wild for belief, nor too tame for fancy?—that too he may securely seek for in the plays of SCHILLER. This may sound strangely to an English reader, but the proof is at hand; it is to be sought in the works of this powerful genius, who has only been condemned by those, whose ignorance of his language have compelled them to rely upon translations. The "*Robbers*" may well stand in proof of my first assertion; for my second, I rely on the "*Messianic Bridge*;" for the third, I appeal to his

"*Fiesco*," his "*William Tell*," and his "*Don Carlos*"—Of each of these in their turn.

The play of the "*Robbers*" is peculiar, both in its design and execution, and can hardly be referred to any model, even amongst the wild dramatists of his own nation. The events are as extraordinary as the characters:—A son, deceived by the arts of his brother, and from thence supposing himself deserted by his father, commencing robber in consequence, and afterwards ending his career by the murder of a beloved girl, and sentencing his guilty brother to a death of hunger; all these are no doubt terrible events, but surely not improbable, nor is there any visible reason for the rancour of critics. To what do they object? that these actions are out of nature, are too wild for belief? In this case I must refer them to those ancient models, which are supposed to be as near perfection as is granted to the imbecility of man. *Medea* murders her own children, and destroys, by fire, the new bride of her deceiving husband; *Clytemnestra* slays *Agamemnon*; *Orestes* and *Electra*, the brother and sister, unite for the destruction of their mother—SENECA deals forth similar atrocities with an unsparing hand; and, to come down to later times, are not such deeds countenanced by ALFIERI, by CREBILLON, by VOLTAIRE? To judge of the composition, it requires a more intimate acquaintance with the German language than falls to the lot of most Englishmen.

But the German theatre may be defended, as far as regards SCHILLER, without reference to any such authority. It may be defended as answering all the purposes of the drama, inasmuch as it unites instruction with amusement; even the "*Robbers*," in fact, affords a moral lesson, though the outcry against it has been pretty general; vice is indeed painted in glowing colours in this play, but the punishment, which it carries with it, is portrayed with as firm a hand.

Much has been said respecting the dramatic unities of time, place, and action, and every departure from such rules is considered as an unpardonable defect. It may not, therefore, be amiss to inquire why they are so necessary, and what in reality constitutes a drama.

[To be Resumed]

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"MEASURE FOR MEASURE."

MR. DRAMA,

Ought we to consider *Bernardine*, in "*Measure for Measure*," *hanged* or *beheaded*? it does not appear clearly whether the *rope* or *axe* finished him. The *Clown* says, "Master *Bernardine*! you must rise and be *hanged*." *Bernardine*. "What are you?" *Clown*. "Your friend, the *hangman*." *Bernardine* then enters; *Abhorson* asks, "Is the *axe* on the *block*, sirrah?" and advises *Bernardine* to pray; who answers he has been drinking, and is unfit for it. *Clown*. "O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is *hanged* betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day." A few speeches farther the *Duke* says,

"Unfit to live, or die; O, gravel heart!—

After him, fellow; bring him to the *block*."

Now here we have *two* species of execution named without telling us direct by *which* the criminal is to suffer. Are we to suppose the state went to the expense of raising a *gallows* and a *block*, that a culprit might die by the one which was less *repulsive* to his *feelings*? 'Tis a *dark passage* that would be as well *enlightened*.

I am, yours respectfully,

PETER TOMKINS.

ON PLAYS.

The dramatic art, when carried to perfection, may be defined to be, the art of exhibiting human nature in a point of view, either affecting or amusing. If we adopt this definition, it will not appear wonderful that the English should have succeeded best in tragedy, and the French in comedy. The English, fond of deep emo-

tion, and reflecting long upon their own sensations, have portrayed with a truth which seemed scarcely attainable, the character and conduct of individuals whom fortune placed in the highest rank, and exposed to the most stormy trials. But in proportion to their success in this branch of the art, has been their failure in the department of comedy. As they are little accustomed to display their feelings in society, authors have been obliged to supply, by extravagant plots and eccentric characters, the want of accurate portraits, and to borrow from fancy the interest which observation could not afford.

The French, on the other hand, who act as it were from the passion of the moment, who brood over no sorrow, and analyze no passion, gave to the workshop of the tragedian only the undivided mass of our common affections. CORNEILLE spoke only to our pride and courage; RACINE borrowed from Greece his fables and his sentiments; VOLTAIRE, endeavouring to improve upon them, has been more rhetorical than natural. But if genius and eloquence have not been sufficient to furnish France with a perfect example of tragedy, the easy tone of society, the grace and wit of ordinary conversation, and even the egotism of her people, have contributed to form the most perfect comedies the world ever saw.

*From "Essays and Sketches of
Life and Character."*

THE DRAMATIC BIOGRAPHER.

No. VII.

MRS. HORTON.

Mrs. HORTON was one of the most beautiful women that ever trod the stage. She was married, when very young, to a musician, who was insensible to her charms,

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and treated her, it has been said, very brutally. The first notice that was taken of her was at Windsor, in the summer of 1713: where she acted *Marcia*, in "*Cato*," in a company of miserable strolling players, who were drawn there on account of Queen ANNE's making it the place of her residence several months in the year. *Cato* and his senate met with little respect from the audience: and poor *Juba* was so truly an object of ridicule that, when he cried out, in a transport of joy, on hearing *Marcia's* confession of her passion for him, "What do I hear?" my Lord MALPAS, wilfully mistaking the actor, loudly said, from behind the scenes, "*Upon my word, Sir, I do not know: I think you had better be any where else;*"—and this joke, I believe, put an end to the play. However, Mrs. HORTON was so superior in merit to the rest, and so attractive in her person, that she was soon after very powerfully recommended to the managers of Drury Lane Theatre, who engaged her at a moderate salary. Her chief merit consisted in giving sprightliness to gay coquets, such as *Belinda*, in the "*Old Bachelor*," and *Millament*, in the "*Way of the World*;" in which last character she was said to have excelled Mrs. OLDFIELD. Upon Mrs. YOUNGER's quitting Drury Lane for a more advantageous income at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, she was called upon by WILKS, to act the part of *Phillis* in the "*Conscious Lovers*." YOUNGER had given the public so much entertainment in that part, that Mrs. HORTON met with very uncandid treatment from the audience; who so far forgot what was due to merit and the most handsome woman on the stage, that they endeavoured to discourage her by frequent hissing. She bore this treatment with patience for some time. At last, she advanced to the front of the stage, and boldly addressed the pit: "Gentlemen, what do you mean? what displeases you? my acting or my person?" This show of spirit recovered the spectators into good humour, and they cried out, as with one voice, "No, no, Mrs. HORTON; we are not displeased: go on, go on." As she advanced in life, though she still retained great beauty of features, she grew corpulent; and, by striving to preserve the appearance of a fine shape, she

laced herself so tightly that the upper part of her figure bore no proportion to the rest of her body. For many years she was a favourite actress in tragedy and comedy, and commanded a large income—but the natural and easy dialogue of PRITCHARD so captivated the public, that poor HORTON was soon deprived of that influence which she had possessed, and was stripped of her characters one by one. At last she became so low in credit with the public, that RICH, out of compassion, offered to employ her at the reduced salary of £4 per week. This she refused, in a fit of ill-timed resentment, and could never persuade him to make a second offer. Mr. GARRICK and Mr. LACY, by giving her a part of a benefit annually, made some addition to a small annuity she enjoyed. Her beauty was so remarkable in the early part of her life, that few young men could see without having a tenderness for her, which she never discouraged: for, indeed, she was so true a coquet, that a compliment to her charms, from the meanest person in the theatre, was acceptable, and always returned with a smile or tap with her fan. On the verge of three score she dressed like a girl of twenty, and kept simpering and ogling to the last; and if features, preserved even at that old age, could justify her weakness, she certainly was pardonable: for, of all the women I ever saw, she had the greatest pretence to vanity. A nobleman, some few years before her death, offered her a very large settlement to live with him, which she generously rejected. Her sole passion was to be admired. She died about the year 1756.

THOMAS A. CROSS

Hull, Oct. 1824.

MACKLIN AND HIS TIMES.

MR. DRAMA,

The following account of theatrical men and manners, as they existed about a century ago, may not be unentertaining to many of your readers. The account is chiefly taken from the observations of that old veteran MACKLIN, who spoke from personal knowledge and experience. I have extracted it from a daily paper, to which it was sent by a WANDERER, and as it is worthy of being recorded in the pages of your excellent DRAMA, by inserting it you will oblige

Yours, &c.

WANDERER, JUN.

At this period (from 1730 to 1735) Covent Garden and its neighbourhood was the scene of much dissipation. It was surrounded by taverns and night-houses, which were much frequented by the theatrical wits of the day. At most of the taverns there was an ordinary, varying in price, from 6d. to 1s. per head.—Those at the latter price consisted of two courses, and were frequented by much good company. For noblemen and gentlemen of rank there were private rooms, where much drinking was occasionally indulged in. The butchers of Clare Market, then a very numerous body, were staunch friends to the players, and the appearance of these formidable critics in the house, never failed to make a serious impression on the rest of the audience. MACKLIN belonged to a society called, "The Walking Club," which used to hold a weekly dinner at St. Albans. It consisted chiefly of the members of both theatres, and one of their rules was, that they should never ride, but walk the twenty miles to dinner, and the twenty miles back again afterwards. Their meetings commenced in Passion Week, and generally continued

to the end of the season. At this time the City and west end of the town kept at equal distances. No merchant scarcely lived out of the former. His residence was generally attached to his counting-house, and his credit, in a great measure, depended upon that circumstance. MACKLIN used to say, in the latter part of his life, that he recollected the first emigration of the citizens. It occurred about fifty years before the commencement of the present century, and at first did not extend to a greater distance than Hatton Garden; and even this innovation was confined to men who had secured large fortunes, and whose credit was established beyond the possibility of a doubt. The lawyers lived principally in the Inns of Court, or about Westminster Hall; and the players all in the neighbourhood of the two theatres: QUIN, BOOTH, and WILKES, lived almost constantly in Bow Street; COLLEY CIBBER in Charles Street; Mrs. PRITCHARD, and BILLY HAVARD in Henrietta Street; GARRICK, a great part of his life, in Southampton Street; and the inferior players lodged in Little Russell Street, Vinegar Yard, and the little courts and streets about the Garden. So that all could be mustered to rehearsal by beat of drum, as might be said, and the expense of coach-hire be saved; but now, said the veteran, we are strangely altered, we are all looking forward to squares and great streets, high ground, and genteel neighbourhoods, no matter how far distant from the theatre, which should always be the great scene of business. The audience then had also their different situations; a vulgar person was scarcely ever seen in the pit, and very few females frequented that part of the house. It was filled by young merchants of rising eminence; barristers and students of the Inns of Court, who were generally well read in plays, and whose judgment was worth attending to. There were very few disturbances in the house; the gravity and good sense of the pit not only kept the audience in order, but the players also. Look at the Prologues since those days, and in times long before them; they all deprecate the judgment of the pit, where the critics lay in knots, and whose favour was constantly courted. None but people

of independent fortune, and avowed rank, ever presumed to go into the boxes; all the lower part of the house was sacred to virtue and decorum; no man sat covered in a box, nor stood up during the performance. The women of the town, who frequented the theatre, were then few in number, except in the galleries; and those few occupied two or three upper boxes on each side of the house. Their station was assigned to them, and the men who chose to go and *badinage* with them, did it at the peril of their character. No boots admitted in the days of Mr. MACKLIN? No box lobby loungers? No, Sir, exclaimed the veteran, neither boots, spurs, nor horses. We were too attentive to the cunning of the scene to be interrupted, and no intrusion of this kind would be tolerated. But to do those days common justice, the evil did not exist. Rakes and puppies found another stage, on which to exhibit their vices and follies, than a public theatre.

RUSSIAN THEATRICALS.

MR. DRAMA,

The following extract of a Letter, dated from St. Petersburg, May 3rd, gives a faint idea how one of the best plays of our immortal Bard has been mutilated (both in its translation and adoption), in one of the principal cities of the Russian Empire. If the same be worthy of a place in your Magazine, an insertion will oblige

Yours, &c.

Bull, Oct. 1824.

THOMAS A. CROSS.

* As I have now enumerated the principal amusements of the City, with the exception of the theatrical ones, I shall proceed to relate to you what a high pitch of refinement the Russians have arrived at in that respect, by

describing to you the performances at the theatre on Monday evening last, which commenced with SHAKESPEARE'S tragedy of "*Othello*." *Othello* appeared in a military cocked hat, Russian boots, and something over his shoulders more resembling a Roman Toga than any other theatrical apparel which I can liken to it. The senators all wore bare helmets and sandals. This, as you may imagine, had a most ridiculous effect. *Cassio* appears to be drinking with a mixed company in a tavern, when *Iago* enters and sings a song, the subject of which is, that Englishmen can never fight till they have eaten roast beef and drank sufficient to make them insensible of what they are doing. *Iago* and *Cassio* then danced a mock-minuet, when *Cassio* sang a song, and the other characters joined in chorus. In the fight which took place between *Cassio* and *Roderigo*, the seat of the latter was pierced first by *Cassio* and then by *Iago*. *Roderigo*, after about half a dozen somersets (in the style of GRIMALDI) tumbled down at the back of the stage. A wheelbarrow was then brought on the stage guarded by a file of soldiers, into which they placed both *Cassio* and *Roderigo*, and wheeled off. *Othello* smothered *Desdemona* with a pillow at least six feet in length. *Emilina* then came running in, pursued by her husband with a naked sword in his hand, who aiming at his wife struck *Othello*, and both immediately fell to fighting, when *Iago* was mortally wounded, and drove off in the same barrow which conveyed away *Cassio* and *Roderigo*. *Othello* then rushed to the back of the stage, and after inprinting a few kisses on the cheek of his murdered wife, fell on his sword and then died. The house was very full, it being the first night of its being performed in St. Petersburg. The house is smaller than the Haymarket, and lighted with oil, which causes a most disagreeable smell. I think from this description which I have here furnished you with, you will perceive what conceptions the Russians have of one of the most deservedly admired tragedies of the first tragic genius of the world."

DRAMATIC MISCELLANIES.

MR. DRAMA,

If the following, selected from a Theatrical Work, suit the DRAMA, you are at liberty to insert the same.

I am, &c.

Hull, Oct. 1824.

THOMAS A. CROSS.

1. *Fulstaff*. Throw the quean into the kennel.

Henry IV.

Quean is a word seldom used now. It means, in general acceptation, a woman lewd in her person, and vociferous in her discourse. Originally, says VERSTEGAN, it signified a barren old cow.

2.

Hostess. Thou art a man queller.

Henry IV.

The word *queller* was formerly written *cweller*, and signified a troubler or tormentor. Anciently, says VERSTEGAN, it sometimes meant a hangman.

3.

Fulstaff. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian!
I'll tickle your catastrophe!

Henry IV.

This is certainly addressed to the *Hostess*. Scullion is plain enough. Rampallian, Mr. STEEVENS says, is an old rampant prostitute; and we may add, perhaps, a dealer in such goods. Fustilarian is a bitter sarcasm, signifying, from the word *fusty*, that she was stale and silly. The lady, in GAY's comedy of the "*Distressed Wife*," calls her own and her husband's relations *old fusties*. As to *I'll tickle your catastrophe*, if we con-

sider the speaker, and to whom it was spoken, the meaning may be easily guessed.

4.

Falstaff. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap.

Henry IV.

Mr. POPE has explained a *sneap* to be a rebuke. But Mr. STEEVENS, not content with this, has (besides referring us to "RAY'S *Proverbs*") produced no less than three authorities to prove the same thing; for what is to *check* but to rebuke? *Sneap* has, by losing a letter, been changed into *snap*.

5.

Pistol. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif.

Henry IV.

Neif is the Scotch word, at this day, for fist.

6.

Falstaff. A tame cheater, he.

Henry IV.

By a very good note of Mr. STEEVENS on this passage, in which he quotes *Mihil Mumchance*, the gamblers were called *cheaters* and the dice *cheters*. I suppose cheters were false dice, which in more modern times are called *the doctors*.

7.

Norfolk. ——— All was royal
To the disposing of it.

Henry VIII.

By the word *royal*, in SHAKESPEARE, we are to understand something surprisingly excellent: as in *Macbeth*, Act II.

Our fears, in *Banquo*,
Stick deep, and in his *royalty* of nature
Reigns that which would be feared.

In *Wolsey's* speech to *Sir William Kingston*, just before he expired, it is to be observed, that the word *royal* stands for confirmed obstinacy of temper. "He was a prince," said the dying Cardinal, "of a most *royal* carriage, and hath a princely heart; and, rather than he will mise for any part of his will, he will endanger half his kingdom."

8.

Old Lady. How tastes it? Is it bitter? *Forty-pence*—no.

Henry VIII.

The fee of an attorney for advice, as well as term fee, was then, as now, 3s. 4d.

9.—*The Green-room Scuffle.*

In the year 1746, the play of "*Henry Fourth, 1st Part*" was acted at the theatre in Drury Lane. *BARRY* was the *Hotspur*. A very beautiful and accomplished actress condescended, in order to give strength to the play, to act the trifling character of *Lady Percy*: *BARRY* was the *Falstaff*. The house was far from crowded: for the public could no more bear to see another *Falstaff*, while *QUIN* was on the stage, than they would now look to see a *Shylock*, as long as *MACKLIN* continued to have strength fit to represent "the Jew which *SHAKESPEARE* drew."

A very celebrated comic actress triumphed in the barrenness of the pit and boxes: she threw out some expressions against the consequence of *Lady Percy*. This produced a very cool, but cutting answer from the other; who reminded the former of her playing, very lately, to a much thinner audience, one of her favourite parts. And now, the ladies not being able to restrain themselves, within the bounds of cool conversation, a

most terrible fray ensued. I do not believe that they went so far as pulling off caps, but their altercation would not have disgraced the females of Billingsgate. While the two actresses were thus entertaining each other in one part of the green room, the admirer of *Lady Percy*, an old gentleman who afterwards bequeathed her a considerable fortune, and the brother of the comic lady, were more seriously employed. The cicisbeo struck the other with his cane: thus provoked, he very calmly laid hold of the old man's jaw. "Let go my jaw, you villain!" and "Throw down your cane, Sir!" were repeatedly echoed by the combatants. BERRY, who was afraid lest the audience should hear full as much of the quarrel as of the play, rushed into the green-room, and put an end to the battle. The print-sellers laid hold of this dispute, and published a print called "*The Green-room Scuffle.*"

10.—*Cat Music.*

When FOOTE first opened the theatre in the Hay-market, amongst other projects, he proposed to entertain the public with an imitation of cat music. For this purpose, he engaged a man famous for his skill in mimicing the mewling of cats. This person was called CAT-HARRIS. He not attending the rehearsal of this odd concert, FOOTE desired SHUTER would endeavour to find him out, and bring him with him. SHUTER was directed to some court in the Minories, where this extraordinary musician lived. But, not knowing the house, SHUTER began a *cat solo*. Upon this, the other looked out of the window, and answered him with a cantata of the same sort. "Come along," says SHUTER, "I want no better information that you are the man:—Mr. Foote stays for us:—we cannot begin the *Cat Opera* without you!"

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DRAMATIC LEGENDS.

No. II.

THE WILD HUNTSMAN!

A LEGEND FROM THE GERMAN OF BURGER.

The following Ballad relates to a singular superstition, very popular in Germany and generally credited. The opera of Der Freischütz is partly founded upon it, and which it will serve to illustrate. The meaning of the Skeleton Chase in the air during the Incantation scene being thus explained.

"*Wildgrave*," means Warden of the Chase, Grand Veneur, formerly one of the great officers of the Emperor's Court, from the German words *Das*, wild game, animals, fere nature; and *Graf*, Earl, Count, Warden: thus *Margrave*, means Warden of the Marches; *Landgrave*, Governor of an Inland Country; *Rheingrave*, Commander of the Rhone, &c. &c.

"Halloo! on horse, on foot, away!"

Turill sounds the haughty WILDGRAE's horn,
High rears his steed, brooks no delay,
And pawing snuffs the gales of morn.
They're off—the hounds loud opening cluster round,
With voices, whips, and horns, the echoing hills resound.

Gilt by the Sunday's morning ray,

His castles stately tow'rs appeared;
The chimes and bell announce the day
Of prayer and rest—and distant heard
Are sounds of holy song, and pious lays
Of grateful mortals to their Maker's praise.

Straight thro' the church-yard's sacred shade,
 The impetuous Earl, ne'er heeding wrong,
 Dashing o'er graves but newly made,
 With whoop and halloo mars their song.
 When sudden! on his left a blood-red knight.
 Another, clad in silver, took his right!

Say who these knights? what doth them bring?
 The deep design the muse may guess;
 Blooming the one and mild as spring,
 His looks internal peace confess:
 The other dark, and of deportment proud,
 Whose eyes flash'd lightning as from thunder-cloud.

"Welcome! well met!—No other place,
 Not heaven itself affords such joys:"
 (The WILDGRAVE cried) "The noble chase
 Surpasses all—Hark! forward, boys!
 Away!" Rising, he swung his cap around,
 With voice and hand, then cheered each favourite hound.

"Ill suits thy horn with holy lay,"
 The fair knight spake with manner mild;
 "Return:—no good you'll reap this day
 Your angel warns." With looks most wild,
 The other sternly cried, "Hunt on my lord—
 Act like a prince—heed not that driveller's word."

"Well said my neighbour on the left,
 Thou art a hero to my mind;
 Let those of gen'rous soul bereft,
 With canting monks remain behind:"
 "Yes, pious Sir, although it should not please,
 Happen what may, this day I'll hunt at ease."

Field in and out, hill up and down,
 Still rushing forward, on they fly
 O'er verdant lawns, o'er moors so brown;
 The rival knights still follow nigh.
 See! from yon brake a milk-white stag they rouse,
 Mark well his size—observe his branching brows.

And louder still the Earl's horn blew,
 And speedier still both horse and hound,
 With wild uproar pursuing flew,
 Some headlong fell, dashed to the ground.
 "Go hurl to hell! why should it me annoy?
 Know remain, my pleasure I'll enjoy."

Now prostrate in the ripening corn
 The panting stag his form conceals;
 But vain his wiles, his hopes forlorn,
 His steamy scent his haunt reveals:
 The farmer kneels;—"Have mercy, prince, you'll sure
 Not harm the dear-bought earnings of the poor!"

The gentle knight now forward bears,
 And offers counsel mild and good;
 But the red knight derides his fears,
 And fires him on to deeds of blood:
 With scorn the generous dictates he declines,
 And in the bad knight's toils himself entwines.

"Begone," (he roared) "thou cursed clown"—
 At him his panting steed he rears;
 "I swear my hounds shall hunt thee down,
 If still thy clamours dim my ears,
 My words to prove—Ho! comrades dash along,
 Sound well your whips, and let him feel the thong."

He said,—'twas done,—with desperate bound,
 O'er fence he flies, and close behind,
 With action eager, horse and hound
 Streaming pursue, like wintry wind.
 The *suite* and pack dispersing quickly spread
 Wide waste, Alas! the farmer's hopes are fled.

Now by the approaching din alarm'd,
 O'er rocks and walls, o'er hill and dale,
 Arous'd, close run, but yet unharm'd,
 The stag attains a flowery dale,
 And mingling with the peaceful herds, he tries
 To shun the pack and lose its murderous cries.

The staunch hounds rush thro' stream and flood,
 Away they sweep thro' wood and brake,
 True to the scent and breathing blood,
 Nor e'er the streaming track forsake.
 Suppliant, the trembling hind the Earl addressed,
 And urged with lowly suit his just request.

"Mercy! dread lord! some pity shew!
 Reflect that in this pasture feed,
 The orphan's stock, the widow's cow;
 Await,—the deer I'll drive with speed;
 Spare to the poor their all, their only trust,
 In pity stay—be merciful and just.

Again the good knight forward bears,
 And offers counsel mild and good;
 Still the left man derides his fears,
 And fires the Earl to deeds of blood;
 With scorn the generous dictates he declines,
 And in the bad knight's toils himself entwines.

"Villain to dare my sport delay!
 Halloo! brave dogs! have at them ho!"
 And every hound in furious way
 Assailed the flock and laid it low.
 "Vengeance and blood!" the mangled herdsman cries,
 "Vengeance and blood!" re-echoes to the skies!

Defiled with gore, all wet with foam,
 The hart scarce clears the field of blood
 With nerves unstrung, weak, faint, and blown,
 He sinking reached the distant wood:
 Into the inmost shade he breaks,
 And in a hermit's cell a refuge takes.

"Give o'er!" the holy hermit prayed,
 "Nor GOD's asylum dare profane;
 To Heaven his creatures cry for aid,
 And think not Earl they cry in vain;
 Once more be warned by me, avert thy fate,
 Perdition waits—Repent ere yet too late."

Once more the good knight forward bears,
 And offers counsel mild and good ;
 But the left knight derides his fears,
 And leads him on to deeds of blood :
 With scorn the pious dictates he declines,
 And in the *Demon's* toils himself entwines.

"Perdition here—perdition there !
 Avaunt !" he cried with threatening tone,
 "And if my game in Heaven were,
 Thou doating fool ! I'd hunt it down.
 Not thou, not GOD, nor aught shall me annoy—
 Spite of ye all my pleasure I'll enjoy :

"Forward ! halloo ! lead on my friends !"
 He swings his whip, his horn he sounds ;
 When lo ! the hermit's cell descends,
 Behind him sink both men and hounds.
 In lieu of all the clamour of the chase,
 A dreadful silence, still as death, took place.

Appalled the WILDGRAVE looks around ;
 His whip he swings,—it makes no noise ;
 He tries his horn,—it yields no sound ;
 He calls,—but cannot hear his voice ;
 His steed he strikes,—and spurs in vain he strove :
 Fixed to the earth, it could no longer move.

Gloomy and dark the air appeared,
 And darker yet, till like the grave ;
 While dismal yells from far are heard,
 Like distant sea and dashing wave :
 O'er head a blaze of light burst thro' the gloom,
 A voice, like thunder, thus proclaim'd his doom :

"Thou tyrant fell ! of hellish mind,
 Who thus the ALMIGHTY pow'r defies,
 Fee to the brute and humankind,
 Their wrongs and blood in judgment rise,
 And dreadful summon thee to nature's lord,
 Where high the AVENGER holds his flaming sword.

**"Fly! monster, fly!—and from this day
 Be chas'd by Hell, till time be o'er,
 That thy example may dismay
 Princes and kings for evermore;
 Who in their cruel sports for nothing care,
 And neither creature nor creator spare."**

**Aghast the WILDGRAVE shudd'ring stood,
 Scarce beats his heart, scarce heaves his breast,
 And icy horrors freeze his blood—
 Blue vapours all the grove invest;
 Before him roar bleak blasts of thund'ring wind,
 Whilst sulphureous storms of hail invade him from behind.**

**Around him sparks and flashes glow,
 With red, and green, and bluish flame;
 Against him fiery billows flow;
 Within which demons darkling gleam:
 Lo: from the gulf a thousand hell-bounds rise,
 With howl and yell, urged on by dismal cries.**

**By fear impelled he breaks away,
 And through the world loud screaming flies;
 The howling fiends pursue their prey,
 And in dire discord blend their cries.
 By day they chase the WILDGRAVE under ground,
 At night in air is heard the horrid sound!**

**And oft at midnight's solemn hour,
 When thunders roll, and lightning's glare,
 And sulph'rous hailstorms arrowy show'r;
 Whirlwind and storm uprend the air;
 When sheeted ghosts from out the grave
 Arise, and shrieking, dance around;
 The phantom race, on fiery wave,
 Rush thro' the skies with yelling sound.**

**With "Hallo! forward! hark! away!
 We onward ride till judgment day!
 We onward ride upon the blast,
 Scourged on by hell till time be past!"**

Such the WILD HUNTSMAN's hellish chase,
That lasts till judgment's awful day;
Which oft on high through airy space,
Affrights the traveller on his way. (1)

(1) A writer in the "*New Monthly Magazine*" has also made use of the above superstition in the following ballad.

THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

Thy rest was deep at the slumberer's hour,
If thou didst not hear the blast
Of the savage horn, from the mountain tower,*
When the Wild Night Huntsman past:
And the roar of the stormy chase went by,
Through the dark unquiet sky!

The deer sprang up from their mossy beds,
When they caught the piercing sounds,
And the oak-boughs crash'd to their antlered heads,
As they flew from the viewless hounds;
And the falcon soar'd from her craggy height,
Away through the rushing night!

From the chieftain's hand the wine-cup fell,
At the banquet's festive board,
And a sudden pause came o'er the swell
Of the harp's triumphal chord:
And the *minnesingers*† joyous lay
In the hall died fast away.

The convent's chaunted rite was stayed,
And the hermit dropp'd his beads,
And the forest rang through its deepest shade,
With the neigh of the phantom steeds;
And the church-bells pealed to the rocking blast,
As the Wild Night-Huntsman past!

* The ruined castle of Rodeinstein whence the *Wild Huntsman* is supposed to issue with his phantom train, and traverse the air to the opposite castle of Schnellerts.

† *Minnesingers*,—love singers; wandering minstrels of Germany.

THEATRICAL INQUISITION.

"Now to the *Drama* turn—oh! motley sight!
What precious scenes the wondering eyes invite!"

BYRON.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

Journal of Performances, with Remarks.

Oct. 27. No performance, in consequence of the extensive preparations for the equestrian melo-drame.

28.—Simpson and Co.—Divertissement—**ENCHANTED HORSE, or the Sultan of Kurdistan** [1st. time].

In casting our mental eye backward and retracing some of the leading theatrical events, we cannot repress the expression of our astonishment that such things are, and that they should not only be publicly permitted to be, but absolutely encouraged! There is assuredly something wrong in the popular taste of this country, and something very different from the principle of thinking which our fathers manifested in regard to the administration of dramatic fame, or the toleration of dramatic spectacles. Now, is it not a satire upon the intellect of

The storm has swept with the chase away,

There is stillness in the sky;

But the mother looks on her son to-day

With a troubled heart and eye,

And the maiden's brow hath a shade of care

Midst the gleam of her golden hair!

The Rhine flows bright, but its waves, ere long,

Must hear a voice of war,

And a clash of spears our hills among,

And a trumpet from afar;

And the brave on a bloody turf must lie,

For the Wild Night-Huntsman hath gone by!*.

* It is a popular belief in the Odenwald that the passing of the *Wild Huntsman* announces the approach of war.

this country to have it thus supposed, that our national genius is so reduced that we can bring forward nothing that is new, as a drama; but must resort to the contemptible expedient of translating the miserable trash of the French minor boards, or of hashing and re-hashing the old materials of a child's penny book, or some ancient and worn-out tale of the nursery, or the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," in order to furnish matter for our metropolitan theatres? And if that position is not true, and the necessity for such expedients does not exist, is it not like throwing a damp fog over the regions of genius to bring forward these patched and worn-out jerkins, when the managers could procure a new coat of superfine materials, provided they would call on men of high ability, and make their *reward* commensurate with the exercise of their *talent*. What would the shades of our mighty dramatic geniuses say, if they could peep from the sepulchre and behold an enlightened people so basely inoculated with false taste, as to give its countenance and current warrant to the furtherance of such trash, such baby shows as that of "*The Enchanted Horse*?" It most lamentably proves that we are intellectually sinking into a state of second childishness! for the stages of both theatres have, even at this early period of their season, been placed under the dominion of *pantomime*, *noise*, *nonsense*, and *show*; and thus, (as Dr. HAWKESWORTH once complained in the 26th No. of the "*Adventurer*,") "all the gambols of folly have been played in a place that was intended for the asylum of beauty and wit, and for the school, not only of wisdom, but of virtue!"

As this was the first novelty of the season, and as it had been deemed necessary to close the theatre on the preceding night, in order that an evening rehearsal might render the management of the "scenery and machinery" more simple, the public anticipation was at its height. Rumour had attributed the production to the pen of Mr. CROLY, but we are inclined to disbelieve the report, as the thing would not in the least add to the nominal fame he has acquired by his production of last season. The most likely report was the one which gave him authorship to Mr. W. BARRYMORE, although that

gentleman appears to us to bring forth far better things for Astley's and the Surrey. It would be useless to give a *detail* of the plot—the *outline* is this:—

Almazan, Prince of Persia, (Mr. PENLEY), is betrothed to the *Princess of Cachemire* (Mrs. W. WEST). While the Persian Court is rejoicing in anticipation of the royal nuptials, the Enchanter *Almalic* (Mr. WALLACK), who, by-the-bye is, as it afterwards appears, also the Sultan of Curdistan, enters with a wonderful horse—a horse whose element is alike the air, the ocean, and the earth. He demands, in exchange for the animal, the affianced bride of the *Prince*, at which the lover is very naturally enraged, and in his anger mounts the horse of the enchanter, which bears him instantly through the clouds. The enchanter then informs the agonized father, that his son will never return, as he is ignorant of the art by which the horse is governed. The Prince, however, discovers the secret by chance, and returning, brings with him his bride. The enchanter contrives to steal both her and his horse, and conveys her to his Palace of Curdistan. The plot is terminated by the attempt of the Prince to regain the lady, and he succeeds through the agency of *Babouc*, the slave of the enchanter, assisted by the ghost of a murdered brother of the aforesaid Sultan.

After a perusal of this, our readers will not expect us to waste criticism on such an abortive attempt. We need, therefore, only add, that the piece has been altogether "made up" by the scene-painters and dress-makers of the theatre, who certainly appear to have done their utmost; and no endeavour was wanting on the part of Mr. WALLACK to exhibit the handy-work of Mr. BANKS and the Misses SMITH, in the many processions that had no other object. We are glad, however, to observe, that the audience appeared to have a due sense of the insult offered to them, and most justly condemned it; although not in such decisive terms as we could have desired. Any production of more than common merit, must have succeeded with the advantage of such splendid scenery and decorations, and the popular assistance of the tramlings of Monsieur DUCROW's far-famed stud. But the decree went forth and the gross compound of

dullness and stupidity was justly consigned to the oblivion it merited, although the quackery of Mr. ELLISTON caused it to live a few nights longer. The loss which the manager must have experienced, will, for the future, be a useful lesson to him.

29.—Wonder—Ibid.

30.—Dramatist.—Ibid.

Nov. 1.—Pizarro.—Ibid.

2.—*Love in a Village*.—Ibid.

We had three first appearances this evening in the opera: Mr. and Mrs. BEDFORD as *Hawthorn* and *Rosetta*, and Mr. TERRY as *Justice Woodcuck*. Of the lady it is but becoming we should speak first; and we do not speak invidiously when we say, that she returned to us with the favourable recommendation that "old acquaintance" almost invariably carries with it. It is now some few years since this lady appeared at Covent Garden, under the maiden appellation of Miss GREEN. The reception then was such as entitled her to return, and to return with the satisfactory pride of having previously made a successful impression. During the interval of her absence she has been engaged at the Dublin theatre, occasionally sustaining the principal parts in the operatic department in the drama. Mrs. B., though not tall, is not ungraceful in her person; her features, without being regular, are pleasing and intelligent, and as a singer she possesses a voice of extensive volume. There is a wiriness in her higher notes, however, which brings them sometimes gratingly on the ear, and which in some degree detracts from her scientific and tasteful execution of a few delightful airs in "*Love in a Village*," and which, with this slight qualification, she sings delightfully. She introduced MOORE's exquisite melody, "*The Harp that once through Tara's Hall*," with a soft and touching tenderness worthy the inspirations of his felicitous Muse. Her deportment is extremely ladylike, but we could wish to see a little more animation infused, both into her acting and singing. Mr. BEDFORD, who played *Hawthorn*, is a performer of a very personable appearance. He is quite familiar with the business of the stage, and indeed makes

his "exits and his entrances" with the ease and assurance of an experienced and established favourite. His voice, though of bounded volume, is pleasing and correct; in its lower tones it is fine and full, and reposes with peculiarly impressive effect on a low murmuring bass. In the introduced festive song, "*Who deeply drinks of Wine*," which was encored, he displayed a lightness of taste and humour, which is admirably suited to that social and popular style of singing to which the song belongs. As an actor, his merits are not very superior to our leading singers. The reception of him and Mrs. B. was most favourable, and they are unquestionably adjuncts to the establishment, of no ordinary or mean pretensions. *Justice Woodcock*, by Mr. TERRY, was very unlike what *Justice Woodcock* should be. There is a tedious heaviness in this gentleman's humour; his comedy is literally cast in lead; it wants sprightliness and natural vivacity, and in it, as in his tragedy,

"The line too labours, and the thoughts move slow." In characters such as *Mr. Simpson*, and rough seamen, which require a quaintness of humour and peculiarity of style, he is a very valuable and effective performer. *Young Meadows*, by Mr. HORN, was a very respectable performance. His voice is limited in extent, but he sings in an admirable *sostenuto* style, and if not always powerful he is seldom otherwise than pleasing. Mr. KNIGHT's *Hodge* was a masterpiece of rustic drollery. His performance of rural characters does not partake of the "sublime of low tragedy," like that of EMERY and RAYNER, but it is quite as original, and quite as natural in its way. Mr. G. SMITH, who played the carter, was not without a considerable share of merit. He deserves to represent more important characters than those which we generally see allotted to him.

3.—Wonder—Ibid.

4.—Love in a Village—Ibid.

5.—Wild Oats—Ibid.

6.—*Maid of the Mill*—Ibid.

After an interval of ten years this opera, which is of no very extraordinary pretensions, was this evening

required; of this fact we were informed by the play-bills, but instead of being a recommendation it appears to us rather a censure of the piece. A really good play will never remain so long dormant on the shelves of the manager; and it is only those of very equivocal merit which are thus presented at distant intervals, accompanied with the suspicious praises of a theatrical advertisement. The opera, such as it is, was tolerably cast: Mrs. BEDFORD was the *Patty*, and her performance was marked with a pleasing and appropriate simplicity of manner and movement exactly suited to the character, and her singing was tasteful, agreeable, and touching. Mrs. WAYLETT became *Fanny* very well. She was pretty, arch, vivacious, and loving, and what more could be asked for in a young rustic? Mr. BEDFORD's *Giles* we think created some disappointment; he must really exhibit a little study and labour. (Mrs. B., by the bye, was exceedingly imperfect in her part.) He was much too careless and *nonchalant* in his manner. Mr. HORN, as *Lord Aimworth*, sang with a great deal of science, sweetness, and pathos. He introduced several new songs, one of which, "*The Ray that beams for ever*," his own composition, was beautifully given. The opera was pretty well received.

8.—Pizarro—CINDERELLA (a ballet)—Ibid.

9.—Wonder—Ibid—Ibid.

10.—DER FREISCHUTZ [1st. time]—Simpson and Co.

If our readers are as weary of German horrors as ourselves, they will not expect us to waste much room in noticing this new version of "a legend from the Hantz." The whole plot of this opera is so well known to the town, that a reiteration of it would, we are certain, be as tedious as a "thrice-told tale." There has been no great variation in the arrangement of it. It has, however, been somewhat improved, and as far as the music is concerned the characters are much better allotted than at the sister theatre; the whole of the *corps d'Opera* being put in requisition. The music at the trial scene, which is the most exquisite in the whole piece, was given with admirable effect. At Covent Garden it is nearly all omitted.

Mr. BEDFORD, who performed the part of *Bernhard* (Kuno), exhibited much skill as a bass singer. Mr. T. COOKE was the lover (*Adolphe*), and next to BRAHAM we think he is best fitted for it, as far as singing goes; we cannot say much in commendation of his acting. HORN played *Caspar*, but there is not enough of the devil in him to do justice to the part; we wish he would shew a little more life, and not act as if he considered that a knowledge of music was sufficient to compensate for the absence of every other qualification. The heroine of the piece (*Linda*), was Miss GRADDON; and she gave her songs most delightfully. Her voice is very sweet, and we never heard any thing more deliciously melodious than her song of, "*Oh, gentle were my slumbers.*" She has, too, the happy art of making her softest whispers completely audible through the whole of the house; but we must give her a word of advice, in a department not connected with minstrelsy—we mean her gait and action—both of which are, we had almost said, ungraceful. These are points which, by a little attention, she may speedily remedy, and then she may vie with any of her sister syrens without fear. Miss POVEY played *Rose*, and sang, as she always does, with sweetness, and acted with playfulness and animation. *Zaniel* found a better representative than ever, in the person of Mr. SMITH of the Surrey Theatre, whose sepulchral tones gave the greatest effect possible to the "*foul fiend.*" The *Incantation* was excellently managed, and not a jot of the terrific grandeur of the scene was kept from the spectator. The whole of the scenery, by STANFIELD, was of the most beautiful description. The piece was given out for repetition with extraordinary approbation, and if the taste for the horrible continues will have an extended run.

- 11.—Ibid—Cinderella—Citizen.
- 12.—Ibid—Ibid—Monsieur Tonson.
- 13.—Ibid—Ibid—Highland Reel.
- 15.—Macbeth—Falls of Clyde.
- 16.—Der Freischütz—Cinderella—Liar.
- 17.—Ibid—Ibid—Miller's Maid.
- 18.—Winter's Tale—Ibid—Rendezvous.

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- 19.—Der Freischütz—Ibid—Children in the Wood.
 20.—Ibid—Miller's Maid.
 22.—Macbeth—Falls of Clyde.
 23.—Der Freischütz—Miller's Maid.
 24.—Ibid—FAMILY FETE (a Ballet)—Liar.
 25.—As you like it—Ibid—Children in the Wood.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Journal of Performances, with Remarks.

Oct. 27.—Der Freischütz—Charles II.

28.—Ibid—Clari.

29.—Ibid—Too late for Dinner.

30.—Ibid—Tale of Mystery.

Nov. 1.—Macbeth—Miller and his Men.

2.—Der Freischütz—Charles II.

3.—Venice Preserved—Barber of Seville.

This tragedy was produced for the purpose of introducing on the London boards a lady of the name of SLOMAN, who has been a favourite, for some time past, with the play-going people of Norwich. Since the first performance of this play, the character of *Belvidera* has found but few efficient representatives; and it is only since the appearance of Miss O'NEILL, that it has again found those who are adventurous enough to attempt it. Since that lady's retirement from the stage, several fair candidates for histrionic fame have chosen it for their *début*, and have, generally speaking, only partially succeeded. To say that the effort of this evening deserves a higher praise, would be to speak against our judgment. There were, however, some particular traits of the character very well conceived, though generally the performance wanted finish. The tears and noise naturally attaching to the character are abundant enough, without any excessive use of either by its representative on the stage. Mrs. SLOMAN possesses an interesting figure rather above the middle size, and her eyes are intelligent, her bust well formed, and her voice in

some of its tones forcibly reminded us of Miss O'NEAL. As the character of *Belvidera* is one in which only one individual has succeeded for near half a century; and as we can scarcely judge of the extent of her powers from a first performance, we shall reserve a further expression of our opinion until her next appearance. It were something like impertinent in us, to offer a syllable on YOUNG's *Pierre*, or CHARLES KEMBLE's *Jaffier*; characters which they have made their own. The expectation is every where completely realized; and altogether the performances are so justly conceived, and so powerfully delineated, that perhaps there are no two such portraiture to be witnessed at present on the boards. Where all is so eminently finished, selection becomes a matter of difficulty; and that selection is the less necessary here, as all the admirers of the drama have had them for years treasured up in the tablet of their memory. The whole performance was highly applauded, and upon the announcement of the repetition for Saturday, the acclamations of the audience were very loud and general. The house was full at half price.

4.—Der Freischütz—Clari.

5.—Ibid—Cozening—Cent. per Cent.

6.—Venice Preserved—Escapes.

8.—Der Freischütz—Clari.

9.—A WOMAN NEVER VEXT; or the Widow of Cornhill [1st time]—Escapes.

This is an old comedy with alterations and additions by Mr. PLANCHE. Of WILLIAM ROWLEY, the original author, little is known, except that he lived and wrote in the reign of James the First, and was the associate of the principal dramatists of the day, many of whom he materially assisted in their labours. MASSINGER, FLETCHER, and MIDDLETON were among the number of his friends, and to one of his dramas even the name of the immortal SHAKSPEARE is affixed, as affording him some assistance. (1) Nevertheless, ROWLEY is ranked by the editors of the *Biograph. Dram.* in the third class of dramatic writers; and we have the authority of Mr.

(1) "*The Witch of Edmonton*," a tragi-comedy, 4to 1658.

GIFFORD for asserting that it is impossible to place him higher.

ROWLEY, it appears, was a comedian, and a member of the Prince of Wales's company of players; and Mr. OLDYS, in his MS. notes on LANGBAINE, asserts, on the authority of the office books of Lord HARRINGTON, Treasurer of the Chambers in those years, that "One WILLIAM ROWLEY was head of the Prince's company of comedians from the year 1613 to 1616." This, there can be little doubt, was our author, and this is all that is with certainty known of him.⁽¹⁾ The newspapers, in noticing the revival of this play, have stated, "that he was a wit and a *bon-vivant*, whose society was courted by the literary men of the time;" which very probably was the case, but we believe the assertion rests on mere conjecture. Of the present play, LANGBAINE observes, that "the passage of the widow's finding her wedding ring, which she had dropped in crossing the Thames, in the belly of a fish which her maid bought accidentally in the market, is founded, either upon the story of POLYCRATES of Samos, or may be read at large in HERODOTUS, lib. 3, *sive Thalia*; or upon the like story, related of one ANDERSON of Newcastle, by Doctor FULLER, in his "*Worthies of England*;" or from the preface to a work, called "*Vox Piscis, or the Book Fish*, containing three treatises, which were found in the belly of a cod-fish in Cambridge market, on Midsummer eve last, A. D. 1626," and published in London, A. D. 1627. It is not, however, noticed either by LANGBAINE, or the editors of the *Biograph. Dram.* that the plot is in part historical. This nevertheless is the case; and various scattered notices occur in STOW and STRYPE, of STEPHEN FOSTER, his wife, and Alderman BRUIN, three of the principal persons in the drama. FOSTER was acting Sheriff of London in 1444-5.

The play, as altered, having been lately published in DOLBY's edition, at the low price of six-pence, with prefatory remarks, by the adapter, and a descriptive

(1) WOOD styles him, "the ornament, for wit and ingenuity, of Pembroke Hall in Cambridge, at which University he was educated.

account of the civic procession in the fifteenth century, releases us from the necessity of entering into a detail of the plot, as it is doubtless already in the hands of most of our readers.—The following observations of Mr. **PLANCHE** himself will show in what manner he has altered the old play, so as to render it fit for the modern stage:—

“In making such alterations as were necessary, many liberties have been taken with the original text, which was remarkably ragged; and several glaring anachronisms have therefore been corrected; the play being partly historical. The passage of the widow’s finding the wedding ring I have expunged *in toto*.

“Those who are familiar with the old comedy, will discover many new passages interwoven with the original text, for the demerits of which I, of course, am answerable. The fragment of the *Lord Mayor’s Show* has been substituted for the royal visit to *Brown’s Den*, at the suggestion of the management, and it is trusted that the critics will make some distinction between the fanciful extravagances of modern spectacles and the fanciful delineation of ancient habits and customs.” (1)

Mr. **YOUNG** sustained the part of the merchant *Foster*, and we have never witnessed him more completely successful in riveting the attention and bearing away the hearts of his auditors. In one scene particularly, where in the gaol he is encountered by his wealthy brother, the effect of his acting was thrilling beyond conception, and called forth the most enthusiastic plaudits from all parts of the house. Mr. **KEMBLE**, as *Stephen Foster*, was equally excellent. In the earlier scenes of the play, he had to sustain the character of a careless and dissipated rake; and he is never more at ease than when he has to do so, especially if wit and humour be added to make up the part. Throughout the piece he was most successful, and well deserved the warm

(1) The whole of Mr. **PLANCHE**’s description of this procession, which is highly interesting from the knowledge it displays of ancient civic customs, will be given in our next.

applause which greeted him. Miss CHESTER represented the widow of Cornhill, *Agnes Welsted*, "the woman who is never vexed." Her acting was admirable, and the placidity and archness of the character was well kept up, but we did not think her sufficiently articulate; at all events we were frequently at a loss to understand her. Miss LACY acted the shrewish wife of the merchant *Foster*, and has certainly established her fame by the manner in which she did so; she received loud and frequent expressions of satisfaction from the audience. Mr. COOPER, as the son of *Foster*, was excellent; in several scenes he was more so than we have ever seen him before, and this is saying much for him, since the part he had to sustain was by no means an easy one. In short, the characters were, without a single exception, well supported, and we do not go too far in saying, that for years there has not been a performance more eminently or more deservedly successful. We must not, however, omit to notice Mr. BLANCHARD, who played the *Clown* (a part originally sustained by the author of the drama) with that humour for which he is so distinguished; nor Messrs. KEELEY and BARTLEY, who were excellent. The scenery was very beautiful, and the costume such as to do credit to the taste and judgment of those by whom it was managed. A splendid pageant was introduced towards the close of the performance, describing the Lord Mayor's show as it passed through Cheapside in the year 1444. In conclusion we congratulate the Manager on his fortunate "hit." Mr. KEMBLE announced the Comedy for repetition, amid the loud and continued plaudits of an excessively crowded audience.

10.—*Ibid*—Barber of Seville.

11.—*Stranger*—Charles II.

Mrs. SLOMAN sustained the romantic and arduous character of *Mrs. Haller*, and we are happy in being able to speak much more favourably of this performance than we were of her former one. There is little in the two first acts of "*The Stranger*," but with the third the interest rises and progresses with surprising intensity. There is much, however, of alloy to weaken this, for which the author alone is accountable. *Mrs. Haller's*

interview with the *Baron* in the second act was well conceived and well played; but a great deal of the dialogue is unnecessary, is a clog and drawback to the general effect, and is only made use of as a vehicle to convey opinions upon the use and abuse of time, which are neither very philosophical nor very new. They are, however, of the regular German school; and as we have adopted the whole production, it would be unfair to quarrel with a part. *Mrs. Haller's* account of herself—the manner in which she uttered “I am married”—and the feeling with which she heard her “perfection” spoken of—and immediately upon that, the stifled repetition of “my perfection”—were as true to nature as anything we have ever seen exhibited on the stage. The mention, too, of “*William*” was very effective, and she really seemed as if her easy gaiety had been in truth “put off” at the reflection of the dishonour she had cast upon her husband, and that dishonour increased by leaving her *William* and her *Amelia* without a mother. The convulsive shriek with which she closes the fourth act, upon the sight of her injured husband, was the natural burst of a heart, full of the highest attributes of feeling and devotion, not unmingled with self-reproach at the unexpected sight of *Walbourn* in the appearance of the *Stranger*. The whole of the fifth act was admirably enacted: the meeting of a husband and wife, loving and beloved, yet placed in a situation which, while arousing every sympathy, yet repels the warm flow of its “genial current;” there is something either on or off the stage in such a condition, that without overacting it, it must become of the highest interest. In this trying scene, *Mrs. SLOMAN* acquitted herself well. The subdued tone of her reflections upon the jewel case, upon the proffered support of her injured husband; in fact, take it as a whole, we say that if it be not without a parallel, it cannot easily be matched. *YOUNG's Stranger* is a finished delineation of the man, driven to exile and a hate of mankind by the treachery of friends and the seduction of a wife, whom he loved beyond his life. The other characters were well played; and, during the latter part of the play, the applause was vehement, and was fully deserved.

The house was exceedingly thin, which can only be accounted for, by the wetness of the evening.

13.—A Woman never Vexed—Escapes,

13.—Der Freischütz—Clari.

15.—A Woman never Vexed—Harlequin and Poor Robin.

16.—Ibid—Children in the Wood.

17.—Der Freischütz—Clari.

18.—A Woman never Vexed—Barber of Seville.

19.—Ibid—Irish Tutor—Escapes.

20.—Der Freischütz—Clari.

22.—*Isabella*—Miller and his Men.

Mrs. SLOMAN sustained the part of *Isabella*. To play-
goers who delight in the reminiscences of other days,
the performance of *Isabella* must afford many charms,
inasmuch as they must associate with it the first appear-
ance of Mrs. SIDDONS on the London stage. Mrs. SID-
DONS was then in the prime of youth and bloom of beauty,
and withal neglected: but yet, some years after, when
she re-appeared, and brought with her a greater maturity
of judgment, she became almost an object of idolatry.
These associations, however, bring with them corres-
ponding disadvantages to Mrs. SLOMAN, or any other can-
didate in the first walk of tragedy. To succeed in the
representation of *Isabella*, the heart must be deeply im-
bued with gratitude, which is not allowed to speak with
its amiable "still small voice," but must be depicted in
woes of the bitterest description. Since the departure
of Mrs. SIDDONS and Miss O'NEILL from the stage, the
audiences, have been prevented from beholding these
fictitious sorrows; whereas, during their reign, the town
was enchanted with their "well-painted passion," and
they fully established in the dramatic world the long-lost
prerogative of sighs and tears. The other characters
which surround *Isabella* are mere auxiliaries to give her
effect. The eye and the ear are fixed upon her as the
sole object of afflicting attention. The individual insig-
nificance of even *Biron*, and *Villeroy*, and *Carlos*, does
not still prevent them, when combined, from producing
an interesting tragedy; and, taking the whole of its per-
formance last evening into one estimate, we must pro-
nounce it to be singularly effective. The grief of *Isabella*

calls forth our best sympathies ; but the sacrifices she makes to gratitude are still more touching and irresistible. The triumph of *SOUTHERN*, in this play, is when he almost wrings the hearts of the truly sensitive, by exhibiting the poor widow so overcome with kindness, as to render herself additionally wretched rather than be ungrateful. " This generosity will ruin me "—" I am contented to be miserable, but not this way : " these are expressions conveying more of pathos to persons who feel acutely the weight of obligations, than any which *Isabella* pronounces. The comic scenes are not to be commended ; but then, more of *Isabella* would produce satiety, and this no skillful dramatist would risk. Having indulged in these few general remarks, we may say that Mrs. *SLOMAN*'s performance was fully equal to her former exertions, and throughout, evinced a just conception of her author, and never once lost sight of her situation. She played and looked like a love-worn widow, struggling between her love for that man who tempted her from a life of devotion, and her gratitude to *Villeroy*, who relieved her from the pressing necessities of ravenous creditors. The meeting with *Biron*'s father was well given. The burst of maternal feeling in the same scene, when *Baldwin* threatens to take her child,—her appeal to the heart,—the melting tenderness of her voice,—were most natural. Her meeting of *Villeroy* in the second act, and her reluctant promise to give him her heart if even it should return from the grave of her departed husband, drew down some, and deserved much more, applause. Her contempt of the threats of her creditors was amongst her best efforts, and her enunciation of these lines breathed the loftiest dignity :

" ————— let the torrents roar :

It can but overwhelm me in its fall ;

And life and death are now alike to me."

KEMBLE could do little with *Biron*, and *COOPER* made all he could of *Villeroy*. If applause formed any criterion of merit, the opinion of the public on that score, was most unequivocally demonstrated.

23.—Der Freischütz—Charles II.

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24.—A Woman never Vext—Escapes—Animal Mag-

25.—Der Freischütz—Clari.

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